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THE
EXHIBITION:
OR, A
CANDID DISPLAY
OF THE
GENIUS and MERITS
OF THE
SEVERAL MASTERS,
WHOSE
WORKS
ARE NOW
OFFERED to the PUBLIC,
AT
SPRING GARDENS.

By an IMPARTIAL HAND.

*" It is not in Mortals to command Success,
" But we'll do more my Brethren, we'll deserve it.*

1850

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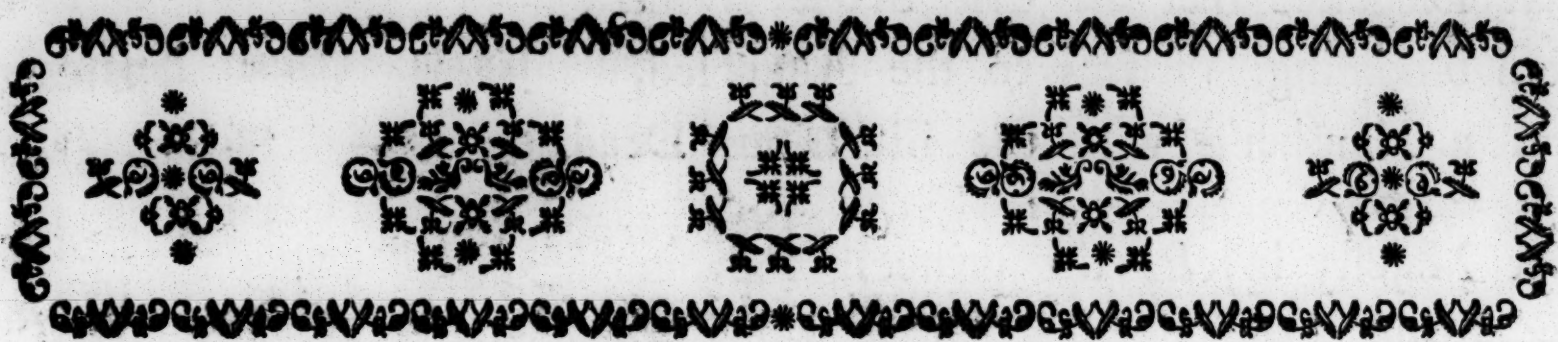
1850

P R E F A C E.

TH E great End of EXHIBITIONS of this Kind both in *England*, and in other Parts of *Europe*, is, no doubt, to stir up a noble Spirit of Emulation in the Minds of ARTISTS of every liberal Class; a Kind of friendly Challenge to meet together once in every Year, at the *Temple of Fame*, and Offer up their several Trophies to that DEITY; such a social Contest, such a laudable Ambition, instead of Envy, Ill-Will, and Detraction, would raise and enrich the Mind with Affection, Friendship, and Cordial Esteem; the Candidates in such a copious, such a generous Competition, would acquire Habits of mutual Confidence and Regard; they would promote Sincerity as much as Art, cultivate Morality as well as Genius; in a Word, the Hand, the Head, and the Heart would be equally improved, did the PUBLIC, to whom they offer themselves, indulge and protect their Endeavours with a patron Partiality, against the Cavils and malignant Snarls of disappointed Pretenders, and meriteless Male-contentments; who have glean'd up perhaps as many Terms as may enable them to

abuse with some Appearance of Capacity, those rising and excellent Spirits who have soar'd far above their Sphere, and at whom they impotently fling up their Filth, tho' it frequently falls back into their own Eyes. The noble Endeavour to excel, should always be nourished with paternal Tendernefs and Care; successful Attempts should be crown'd with Applause, whilst every envious Attack should be repulsed and discouraged; the Meritorious should be set in the fairest Point of View, whilst those of less ripe Talents should be gently left in the Shade, and kindly cover'd with the Mantle of Humanity and Prudence; they should be foster'd for further Productions, like the latter Growths of the Season.

The Author of this ESSAY was influenced by Impressions of Esteem and Admiration for those Excellent Men and Artists, who are such useful Members of Community, and such happy Ornaments to their Country; to them therefore he humbly Dedicates this small Work, and wishes them Honour and Success equal to their several Merits.



THE
EXHIBITION, &c.

L Y Malice pluck'd my sleeve, and did assure,
S That most above, were Modern, Mean, and Poor,
But W E S T and G E N I U S met me at the Door.

Virgilian W E S T who hides his happy Art,
And steals through Nature's Inlets to the Heart,
Pathetick, Simple, Pure through every Part.

Let fordid Malice here vouchsafe to stoop,
And read the Beauties of that princely Group,
How Pale, how Disappointed does she look.

Ah! see how Candour shoves the Pest aside,
And points each Beauty with becoming Pride,
Where Truth, Affection, Force, and Taste perfide.

What

What Elegance o'er all that Scene is shed,
 Them blooming Victims to the Altar led,
 Already Number'd with the illustrious Dead;

What Majesty invests the princely Pair,
 How Firm, how Fortified, how Meek their Air,
 Their sudden Fate like demy Gods they bear.

What Characters the various Scene sustain,
 How Mark'd, how Manly o'er the Heart they ~~reign~~^{reign},
 And all the fine Emphatick Tale maintain.

The Priests polish'd by the Graces stands,
 Worthy of RAPHAEL, or Corregious Hands,
 And with an Air sublime the Soul commands.

How fine Opposed the tender Forms appear,
 To all the Harsh, Ferocious and Severe,
 They Charm the Eye, as Musick melts the Ear.

MERIT her Mantle o'er the Picture laid,
 In vain shall Fraud it's matchless Worth invade,
 By GENIUS guarded, and in Proof array'd.

Immortal SCIPIO two-fold Victor view,
 Who greatly conquer'd CARTHAGE, and himself,
 By both MINERVAS crown'd, the Boast of ROME,
 The Boast of Ages, and the Pride of Time;
 The Test of Glory, and the height of Fame.

Dramatick Groupe, draw near ye Sons of Taste,
 And see how Nature, Beautiful and Just,
 With artless Art and ripen'd Judgment joyn'd;
 Ripen'd in Life's Immortal Morn, calls up
 Upon the breathing Canvas, warm with Life,
 With Energy sublime, and Order sweet,
 The precious Image of the glorious Deed;
 Whilst Time himself looks back to view the Scene.
 Was ever Elegance and Truth distress'd
 In such a Soul-felt soft enchanting Air
 Display'd? so overwhelm'd with graceful Sorrow?
 How like an Angel sad FIDELIA stands,
 And pleads with more than mortal Power, her Cause;
 Ten Thousand Tullys are but Mutes to her:
 The silent Language of her look Divine,
 Would strike all GREECE and ROME, nay PITT himself,
 And British CAMDEN dumb; she Moves, she Bends
 Her down-cast Eyes with inexpressive Grace;
 She glows with Crimson Grief o'ercome, she blushes,
 Modest as the vernal Morn by weeping Dews
 Oppress'd, in Beauty beaming that might melt
 A God to Pity and redress her Woe;
 Mysterious Eloquence that must persuade
 To grant at once, at once provoke Denial,
 The Heart against itself in Conflict strong;
 What War, what vital War is kindled there:
 How Virtue grapples with immense Desire?
 How SCIPIO's Soul was to the Torture put?
 Till Love submits to Glory's brighter Flame;

Love,

Love, frowning, drops the Thunder-Bolt, he breaks,
 With scornful Hand, and proud indignant Smile,
 And for his trampled Arrow spurns his Bow,
 And sadly droops his weak inglorious Wing,
 Whilst Victor Virtue lifts aloft her Palm.
 See ! see the Groupe in breathing Characters
 Sustain'd, in Characters as strong as GARRICK could display
 With matchless Force, or SHAKESPEAR's Hand could draw
 The Father there adoring, kneels with Soul
 Sent Look, and Scatters wide his useless Gold ;
 The Mother in whose Face afflicted Nature,
 Virtue, Honour, Majesty, and Heart felt
 Strong Intreaty, joyn with eager Arms erect,
 And ardent Eyes enforced ; fills up her Place
 With Tragic Strength, and lifts the glorious Scene.
 But Ah ! what Virgin Eye unwet can view
 The raptur'd Lover in his Trance of Joy
 Struck Dumb, there Nature works the strongest ;
 And through her Throbbing warm Interpreter
 The Heart can speak to that she now appeals :
 Behold his Hand upon his bursting Breast
 To SCIPIO bending would its Transports tell,
 With Countenance that makes all Sounds asham'd ;
 And cancels Language at a single Look.
 Hail Historick Hand that dips thy Pencil
 In the Tragick Tint, the Muse hath blended
 For immortal Use ; to Strike, to Lift,
 To Sooth, to Torture by Ten Thousand Ways
 The peccant Heart, and heal the Sickly Mind.

Thou long Expected, wish'd for Stranger, hail!
 In Briton's Bosom make thy lov'd Abode ;
 And open Daily to her raptur'd Eye
 The mystick Wonders of thy Raphael's School :
 How Nature in her mimic Mantle Clad,
 Hath spread with Life the many Peopled Wall,
 And set her various Family to View.

Her Cabinet's true Key to STUBBS she gives,
 See all her Offspring on his Canvas lives ;
 The wide Creation waits upon his Call,
 He paints each Species, and Excels in all ;
 Like ADAM o'er the Genial Race he Reigns,
 O'er Forests, Mountains, Vallies, Hills and Plains ;
 Or like the ARK the Breathing World he Claims,
 Improves each Form, whilst Wonder gives them Names ;
 In Vain on Single Master's Strokes we dwell,
 Where Aggregates Strike out, where all Excell ;
 His matchless Labours shall unrival'd grow,
 His Woods see Waving, and his Streams see Flow ;
 His Skies, his Rocks see mark'd with equal Force,
 That Strike as strongly as his Startl'd Horse ;
 Whilst wond'ring Nature asks with Jealous Tone,
 Which STUBBS's Labours are, and which her own ;
 His matchless Works Extort their Just Applause,
 He Sits aloft, above low Critick's Laws ;
 He fills with modest Mien his happy Place
 And lives in Concord with the Human Race ;

Two Master Pencils more Arrest the Eye,
 In WILLSON's Water, and in BARRET's Sky ;
 A Finish'd Greatness grows upon the Sight,
 That yields by Turns a Rich Supreme Delight ;
 In Sweet Alternatives by Turns Confess'd,
 Now this you must Pronounce, now that the best ;
 Reverberating the Judgment still is past,
 And that we most Admire, we see the last ;
 The Heifer by the Horns the equal Seize,
 With equal Honour, and with equal Praise.

But who is he with Labour'd Learned look,
 Who Shines distinguish'd in the Shining Group ;
 Whose Classick Epithets so strong Imprint
 The Splendid meaning of a Titian's Tint ;
 Where Life Rewards his more than Happy Pains,
 Where Blood seems Rushing through the Vivid Veins ;
 Where all the Aspect warm with Vigour lives,
 That not one Single Hint of Painting gives ;
 But sets up Breathing Life at once to Sight,
 Where Nature's Attributes alone Delight ;
 Some Stranger sure with modest Merit grac'd,
 Amid the Group these Sterling Pictures plac'd ;
 Whilst Envy Slept, and Malice hid her Gall,
 These Beauties rose, and bless'd th' Ambitious Wall ;
 Ye British Fair Impose your kind Command,
 And live from PETER's, as from TITIAN's Hand ;
 Let ANCASTER, let PEMBROKE Ages hence,
 Attract the Soul, and Charm the ravish'd Sense ;

Let Votry's yet Unborn, with Wonder dwell,
 On each Angellick Form with Wonder tell;
 Their Virtue like their Beauties shone Sublime,
 And PETER's Pencil snatch'd them both from Time.

What British Genius here Commands my Lays?
 Who Britain's Thunder in fierce Wrath displays;
 Her Floating Bullwarks, and her Boasted Pride,
 That round the World with matchless Glory Ride;
 His Pencil lifts aloft, he swells the Wave,
 In Hostile Storms; in Peaceful Streams that Lave;
 With gentlest Murmurs all the Smiling Shore,
 The Winds that sudden Rend, the Rocks that Roar;
 The dreadful Contests on the Sanguine deep,
 When Cannon's louder Storms make Tempests Sleep;
 His Happy Talent graceful can Command,
 And Navigation waits upon his Hand;
 Reluctant Envy must afford him Praise,
 For Twice from her he won th' applauded Bays;
 Has VANDERVELT Escaped the Elifian Gloom,
 Or is it WRIGHT that animates the Room.

See Genius Triumph in the Glorious Strife,
 See COATS in Crayons snatch the Palm from Life.

There GAINSB'ROUGH Shines, much honour'd Name,
 Here Veteran REYNOLDS weary of his Fame.

What bright Phœnomenon there Strikes my Eyes?
 What new rais'd Constellation in those Skies!
 With Splendor Strange, and Rays unseen before,
 Through Dusky Mediums Glitter more and more;
 Delightful Prodigy, Amazing Skill!
 But let me near Approach, nay, nearer still;
 Was ever Truth and Fallacy so Joyn'd?
 Such Graceful Truth with such Deceit Combin'd;
 Inchanting Groupe, Strong Magick hides the Wall!!
 Some more than Human Hand hath wrought it all!
 What mighty Wonders by his Art are done,
 The Glorious Orery without a Sun
 Illumines all with Magick Mimick Blaze,
 And fills the wide Expanse with borrow'd Rays;
 What Striking Characters are here Display'd,
 In bright Fictitious Lights serene Array'd;
 What awful Science in that Face Appears,
 Replete with Wisdom, and made Grave by Years;
 Ah! See yon prompt Impatient Pupil Glow,
 Now mark the Children at their Sport below;
 Betwixt the Two Extrems a Medium find,
 That Sage seems satisfy'd with feasted Mind;
 And cool Attention listens to the Lore
 Of Learned Lecture, and Enjoys his Store;
 Without a Rival let this WRIGHT be known,
 For this amazing Province is his own.

There

There HUMPHRY, HAMILTON, and COPELY Rise,
 Like Three young Lawrels that shall reach the Skyes;
 Harmonious Barron with his Master Warm,
 His Musick melt us, and his Paintings charm.

Lo! READ must more and more my Muse' Command.
 The willing Numbers wait her happy Hand.

There DANCE and MORTIMER successfull clime,
 In various Climax to the True Sublime;

The Sock bright ZEFFANY alone must claim,
 In GARRICK's Right, and Rise from him to Fame;
 That Wond'rous PROTEOUS Born the Soul to Strike,
 Shines on the Canvas, and the Stage alike;
 His Shape alone, so fill'd with Comick Fire,
 In ZEPHANY's Hands can equal Mirth Inspire;
 To GARRICK Equal! fling thy Pencil by!
 Thy Name when joyn'd to his shall never die.

See Modest CATTON near a Gothick Pile,
 Well Pleas'd, Applauded, and Triumphant Smile;
 On TRAJAN's Column his firm Foot might Stand,
 His Taste proportion'd, and sublime his Hand;
 His Taste and Pencil to the World have shewn,
 That GREECE and ROME, and Nature are his own.

Lo, near his Side the Blooming SANBY Springs,
 From WINDSOR's Shade his Lawrel Wreath he brings;

Delicate

Refin'd and free his happy Pencil Glows,
 And like his Friendship o'er the Canvas flows ;
 The Muse must ORAM's Praise, and KETTLE's sing,
 The one like Autumn, and the one like Spring;
 In ripen'd Value ORAM's Works are seen,
 Like Autumn mellow, and like April Green.
 Intrinſick STERLING ſtrikes through every Part,
 And GENIUS travels in the Hand of Art ;
 Through all the Piece with equal Virtue bleſ'd,
 By Fancy faſhion'd and by Judgment dress'd,
 For eaſy Attitude, and graceful Line,
 Amid the Grecian Groupe might KETTLE ſhine.

SERES and PATON Rich in Happy Parts,
 To Britiſh Neptune Conſecrate their Arts ;
 Like him Triumphant o'er the Waves they Reign,
 Their Country's Conqueſts, and their own maintain.

HUDSON his Art may well Diſplay to Sight,
 Who gave Mankind a REYNOLDS and a WRIGHT.

Lo! both the Pines in different Measures claim,
 Their well earned Praiſes, and unquestioned Fame.

The Marble melts at WILTON's leaſt Command,
 The Finish'd Patriot riſing from his Hand ;
 To diſtant Climes his Genius ſhall Diſplay,
 In PITT's Integrity, and Truth's Array ;
 Stern CROMWELL's Buſt affords him New Renown,
 Who threatens Monarchs through the Marble Crown ;

Fair MOSA's Flowers like the Spring are seen,
The May her Pencil, and herself its Queen.

Lo Matchless WOOLLET shines to Europe's Eye,
Himself unequal'd, and his Brown hard by.

Illustrious Lift the Boast of Britain's Land,
Where Genius riots with a wasteful Hand;
Hail happy Britain, bless this Shining Scene,
Of Arts and Ocean be alike the Queen;
Let every Trophy round thy Temples Bloom,
Like GREECE in Genius, and in Arms like ROME;
Within thy Bosom let these Lawrels grow,
Their still encreasing Stems to EUROPE shew,
And sink Detraction to the Shades below. }

F I N I S.